I’ve Got You

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I’ve Got You

by Bad_Wolf_Rising

Summary

“Seriously?” Will says with a soft chuckle. He runs his fingers through soft silver hair before forcing Hannibal to look up at him. He cups his chin with his other hand, that way he couldn’t turn his head. “You of all people…?”

For @dovesummer1 on Twitter who suggest inexperienced!Hannibal getting absolutely wrecked. This is pure filth, and I have zero regrets.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

If Hannibal's being honest with himself, he doesn't know what to do right now. Never has he ever made it this far with anyone. He's sitting on Will's bed, shirtless and out of breath. Will's in no different condition. He's flushed a gorgeous shade of red. His shirt hangs open, his belt is open along with his jeans. It's obvious he's hard—his cock is at eye level. He sees the way his jeans bulge out more than usual. He himself is hard too, but he doesn't know where to start. Will must be able to see the growing dread on his face or feel the sudden change in his sure nature, because when he looks up to meet Will's eyes, there's a brief look of pity before amusement takes over. Hannibal looks away because he's *embarrassed.* He was well into his fifties and has never made it all the way home.

"Seriously?" Will says with a soft chuckle. He runs his fingers through soft silver hair before forcing Hannibal to look up at him. He cups his chin with his other hand, that way he couldn't turn his head. "You of all people…?"

"I apologize for my inexperience, Will. I am aware that your hopes were up—"

"Oh, they are still very much up. It'll just be a little minute before we get there. Come on, finish getting undressed. I'm in control now."

Hannibal's happy to relieve control over to Will. He doesn't seem upset, but he does seem like he has a plan. Hannibal's trousers and underwear join his discarded shirt on the floor.

"Socks and garters, Hannibal. Those gotta go."

This makes Hannibal laugh. "What's the problem, Will?"

"If you still had your shirt on, it'd be fine, but with you naked? Uh-uh."

Hannibal can tell Will is serious, but it helps Hannibal relax to know something at least.

He's fully naked now when Will hooks his arms underneath Hannibal's thighs. He's put on his back and then yanked towards the edge of the bed. Will is looking at him like he'd dinner, like he's about to devour him. Will leans down, kisses him.

"You're cute when you're embarrassed," he says with a smile.

Hannibal blushes a darker shade of red. "Don't patronize me…"

Will's still smiling when he slips down to his knees between Hannibal's legs. He nuzzles into his thigh, presses a line of soft kisses from his knee towards his cock. Will is teasing and Hannibal knows it. He does the same to his other thigh.

"Look at you, baby girl," he murmurs as he noses Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal props himself up enough to watch the show Will made of dragging his tongue from base to tip. He crosses his arms across his hips, leans forward with most of his weight as he slowly works Hannibal into his mouth. It's a good thing he keeps his hips weighted down, because they jerk up on their own. The wet heat of Will's mouth feels amazing. Will goes

down until he gags, holds himself there for a minute before he's off and gasping. He's grinning when he goes back down. This time he doesn't gag and his lips touch the base. He swallows. Hannibal can hardly contain himself as he feels Will's throat constrict around him.

Hannibal wants to thrust up into his mouth—he wants to so bad, but Will is keeping him pinned down as he deepthroats him at the most tantalizingly slow pace. The wet sounds that are coming from Will are obscene and such a turn on. Will pulls off his cock, and he's panting. Hannibal can feel globs of spit drip down to his balls. Will licks his lips.

"You're such a good girl," he says as he rolls Hannibal onto his stomach. "Up on your knees and spread your legs for me."

Even though Will tells him what to do, he still maneuvers Hannibal into position with his face pressed into the bed and his ass up. Hannibal feels so exposed, can feel Will's hungry eyes on him.

"Stay just like that."

Hannibal does. He watches Will go over to his night stand, reach into a basket on the bottom shelf. The first item is snatched up too quick for Hannibal to see what it is. The other, Hannibal recognizes as a bottle of lubricant. Will takes his wet cock in hand, gives him a few lazy strokes before he's working his cock into something. It's when Will's tucking his balls into said object that it dawns on him that Will just put a cock ring on him. He whined softly, because he knows what it does, knows that means he's not coming until Will's ready for him to.

"I know. Absolutely terrible," Will responds, laughing.

"You're patronizing me again, Will!"

"Sorry—you're just…you're too damn cute right now. A flushed such a pretty shade of red with your cock hanging heavy between your legs." He cups Hannibal's balls, rolls them gently between his fingers. "I'm gonna have my fun taking you apart, baby girl."

Hannibal doesn't know what it is about Will calling him 'baby girl' but he likes it. He stretches his arms out and arches his back some. Will takes a sharp breath behind him, mutters something to himself. The bed dips as Will slides off. He spreads his ass cheeks apart. Hannibal's expecting wet fingers, and his in quite the shock when it's Will's hot, wet tongue he's feeling. It's a new sensation, and Hannibal easily gets lost in the feeling of Will licking him open, of him gently pressing his tongue inside. He's rocking back against Will's face, chasing the pleasure of Will's tongue. He licks and sucks at his rim before pushing that wicked tongue back inside. The process repeats, and Hannibal's a whimpering mess by the time Will's done. His thighs are shaking, his ears are such a bright red. He's so *embarrassed* by how desperate and needy he looked and sounded. Will praises him, pressing his thumb against his wet hole.

"Such a good girl," Will murmurs.

He's threatening to push his thumb inside, but he doesn't. He's teasing again. Hannibal's nervous. He knows *what* to expect. He expects Will to take his time to open him up. Hannibal knows Will is being so patient with him, and he's grateful for that. Because he knows that Will's patience wears thin very quickly.

Hannibal makes an undignified squeak when Will squeezes a glob of cold lube above his hole. Will laughs at the sound as he rubs his fingers through the slick liquid

"You're tense, Hannibal. Breathe, my love. I've got you."

Hannibal lets go a shaky breath he didn't realize he was holding. He tries to push it off casually. "You did just drop cold liquid on me. You'd tense up too."

Will lets it go. "Relax. We won't move on until you do. I won't risk hurting you."

It's comforting to hear Will say this. He pulls a pillow underneath his head and he relaxes underneath Will's assurance. Will slips in the first finger. There's very little discomfort, it just feels strange. Naturally, his body wants to reject the intrusion, but Will is persistent. One hand gently massages his ass while his finger slowly slips almost all the way out and pushes back in. Will is methodically working him open. The second finger is what makes him squirm in discomfort. Will adds more lube, shushes him. Will acknowledges his discomfort and rubs the small of his back. Hannibal relaxes at the gentle touch.

"Very good, baby girl," Will says fondly, and starts working him open once again.

It's a painstakingly slow process, but the longer Will fingers him, the better it feels. Soon, Hannibal is pushing back on his fingers eagerly. There's no more burning, no more discomfort, just enough pleasure that Hannibal is ready more.

"That's what I like to see. Feel good, my love?"

Hannibal nods. It does. It feels fucking amazing. He feels hot and desperate, and he whines to vocalize it. Will holds him still, pressing his fingers deeper, at different angles. Each thrust in feels different.

Will finds his prostate. Any shame he had, any embarrassment he had left, is thrown way out the window because *fuck* he wanted Will keep that angle. Will draws his fingers out, thrusts them right back in, quick and hard, over and over. Hannibal's entire body feels like it's on fire. He's sobbing in pleasure now. Will is relentlessly massaging his prostate. Hannibal thinks he might die from the pleasure.

"Please! Please!" Hannibal begs, for what, he doesn't know. He's hoping Will does.

Will doesn't stop the torture. He tenses, cries out as his dry orgasm hits him like a train. It feels good; he's left unsatisfied. More lube is added and a third finger joins in. Hannibal whines. He couldn't take anymore stimulation like that so close after orgasm. Will steers clear of his prostate.

What feels like all too soon, Will pulls his fingers out. Hannibal feels open and empty. He doesn't like it. He rocks back, pressing his ass against Will's clothed cock. The front of his underwear is wet. Will's still hard and already leaking for him. It's nice to know he's still wanted, despite the trouble Will had to go through to get to this point. Will's belt clinks as he slides his pants and underwear off.

"Will…" Hannibal keens.

Will squeezes Hannibal's soft ass. "Ssh. I told you I've got you."

The bottle of lube is opened. This time, he doesn't flinch from the cold—it feels nice on his heated skin. There's liberal amount squeezed above his hole. Will guides the head of his cock through the liquid before and pushes it in. It's fine at first, just a tad bit of burn, but the more Will pushed, the more it burned. Will's hands rest on his shoulders.

"Almost there, baby girl. I know it hurts, just a little bit more."

A little bit more felt like a lot more. Hannibal feels Will bottom out. He's big; he feels so full. He lets out a shaky breath. Will combs his fingers through his hair, coaxing him to relax. Hannibal rocks back and forth at his own slow pace. Soft sighs are coming from him as he gets used to the feeling of Will inside him. It's when those sighs turn into moans that Will takes back over, holding in place. Will's taking his time at first, thrust slow and even.

"Fuck, Will. More, please. I can take it. I can—"

Will holds him to that, because Will *fucks* him. Hannibal cries out, scrambles to grip the sheets.

"This what you wanted, baby girl?" Will grunts as he reaches to grip Hannibal's shoulders to pull him back into each harsh thrust.

Hannibal can't speak. Hell, he can barely form a coherent thought. Will is relentless with his pace. Will pauses briefly. He's panting, and Hannibal can feel him pulsing inside him. By now, Hannibal is laying flat on the bed. His legs are shaking, and he can't hold himself up anymore. That's fine because Will rolls him onto his back and scoots him back on the bed so he can kneel behind him. He pushes Hannibal's legs back until his knees touch his chest and his ass is lifted off the bed just enough for Will to slide his knees underneath to rest his ass on. The tacky skin on skin contact is uncomfortable, but he barely notices it when Will is slowly pushing back inside. He settles balls deep and takes his cock into hand. He strokes lazily, watching as Hannibal writhes in his lap.

"You're so pretty when you're broken like this," Will says, tilting his head. Hannibal bucks into his hand. "Look at you, stripped down to your most basic need. Wanna come, baby girl? Let me hear you." He picks up the pace.

Hannibal feels overstimulated, but it's too good to tell him to stop. Will is working him up, faster than he'd like. Words are still a challenge, and all he could manage was a desperate, "Please!"

Hannibal is on the edge of orgasm. He's sobbing as Will gives him another dry orgasm. Will strokes him through wave after wave of unsatisfactory pleasure. He lets go of his aching cock, grips his hips and fucks roughly back into him. The new angle allows Will to drive into his prostate. Hannibal scrambles to find Will's legs underneath him. He digs his nails into the soft flesh of his thigh, scratches as he scrambles for purchase. Will leans down and weaves his arms underneath Hannibal's shoulders. His fingers grip sweaty silver hair tightly, using his hold has leverage.

Hannibal can't see straight. Will is absolutely wrecking him. He wants to scream, but nothing is coming out. Each thrust punches his breath away, and then he's gasping for another large breath. He's brought to the edge so fast, he can't get the words out, so he hits Will's chest and prays he understands.

Will does. He lets go of Hannibal and fumbles with the cock ring that's been keeping his orgasms at bay.

"Fuck, Hannibal, doing so good for me," Will praises as he returns to his position. "I've got you." Will cradles his head, using his thumbs to stroke over Hannibal's cheeks. "Come for me. Make a mess of us, baby girl."

Hannibal wraps his arms around Will, grips his shirt tight enough that he rips it. He's finally allowed to come. His orgasm tears through his body, and he feels what's left of his soul leave his body. It lasts forever, it seems, as wave after endless wave of pleasure crashes through him. His cock is still spitting come when Will allows himself to give in. He spills deep inside of him. It's warm and oddly comforting. Hannibal is shaking. He's overcome with a sudden river of emotion, and his brain is too far gone to process any of it.

He cries. He doesn't know what else to do with how he feels.

Will lays beside Hannibal and holds him as he cried. He rubs his back, rocks him, praises him until his cries fade into sobs, which then fades into soft snores.

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When Hannibal wakes, he's more or less clean (he could still feel some of Will's come along his thighs. 'A' for effort), dressed only in Will's old academy t-shirt, and the bed has new, clean sheets on it. He doesn't remember moving, nor does he remember falling asleep. He sits up and looks around. The house is quiet—where's Will? His question is answered when he hears a car door shutting, followed by barking. The front door opens, and the dogs run in.

And they all make a bee-line straight for Hannibal.

"No, no, no,no!" he shouts, throwing his hands up to protect himself as all the dogs trampled him. "Off! Off!"

They're not listening as they all have to smell him. Hannibal feels a little violated as cold, wet noses are in his lap, smelling his crotch.

Hannibal tries to pet them all. “Yes, I know. Daddy broke me and now I smell funny—Will!” Will is too amused to say anything. “That is enough! Come on, let’s go potty!”

Hannibal groans as he was trampled again. He rolls off the bed to trudge to the door. He’s sore, but it’s a pleasant ache.

“Did you call to have my appointments cancelled today?” Hannibal asks.

“Sure did.” Will steps toward Hannibal, gently pulls him into a soft kiss. “How was your first time?” he asks, petting the back of Hannibal’s head.

Hannibal smiles, resting his forehead against Will’s. “Wonderful, though I think I require a muscle relaxer and a hot bath.”

Will chuckles. “Go lay back down. I’ll get a bath going for you. The best I can give you is ibuprofen.”

End Notes

Bottom!Hannibal is baby girl. My mind can’t be changed.

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